

THE CONVEX MIRROR.



"Did you see me sneak that bone?"



"But here's a dog with a bigger one."



"I guess I'll snatch it."

A Candidate for Divorce.

He entered the law office of Skinnum & Grab-all, and he looked like a man who had suffered a good deal.

"I want to see Mr. Skinnum," he said to the office boy.

"Right in that room, there; yes, the duffer with the whiskbroom whiskers."

The visitor was soon engaged in earnest conversation with the great lawyer.

"Pretty well up in law, eh?" he said.

"I shouldn't be in these quarters if I wasn't."

"Got all the fine points there be, eh?"

"I have."

"Could get me out of a tight place with them points?"

"That's what I could do."

"Well," said the visitor, "I want to get unhitched from my wife." He looked sad for a moment. "I've stood it as long as I could; but I've reached the limit. You tackle divorce cases, eh?"

"I am famous for them."

"Well, here goes. When I married Jane she was a good, sensible country girl. There wasn't no frills on her manners, and she could cook good enough grub for anybody. Got that down?"

"Every word of it."

"She loved me all right till we came to live in town, and then my troubles began. First thing that happened she got it into her head that she was a lady, and that she must have a girl. Well, as I was getting pretty good pay, I didn't kick. So the girl came. You know how them servant girls be. Always reading when they ain't working."

"My wife goes around to look after her and falls across one of the girl's novels, by Lean Jibbey or some such name as that. I didn't say anything, because I saw no harm in reading love stories. Presently I saw that my wife was putting on airs. She began to talk about lords and dukes and counts and earls. She even went so far as to make the girl address her as milady. I kicked, but, as the girl liked it, I wasn't counted. Got all that?"

"Word for word."

"From then on it was 'Milady desires your presence in her boudwar,' or 'Milady will breakfast in her room.' I began to get sick. One morning I wakes her up and says: 'Jane, are you ever going to get sensible again?' And she says, 'Out.' I says, 'What?' And she says, 'Out.' 'Looky here, Jane,' says I, 'what's this you're talking to me?' 'French,' says she. 'All titled people speak it.'

"And then it began to be 'Out,' 'Entrennos,' 'Embung-pung,' which she says means fat, and 'Parley-voos' and 'Empressmung.' I fired her looks into the store, but I made a mistake. She then began to pose as a heroine, 'persecuted and down-trodden' was her word, so finally she says to me: 'Miram, don't you think our name is flat and common?' I said, 'I reckon it's as good as they make 'em, Witherspoon is.' 'Well,' says she, 'it aint toney enough for us. It's got to be changed by the Legislature to Reginald Oswald de Warwick.' Now, what do you think of that, Mr. Skinnum?"

"I'm afraid you couldn't get parted for this. My fee is ten dollars."

The would-be divorcee laid down ten Goddesses of Liberty on the desk and got up.

"Well, don't think you've got me off the track. I'll go to every lawyer in town but what I'll get a separation from a woman what wants to change the good old name of Witherspoon to Reginald Oswald de Warwick!" And with this threat he drifted out into the warm sunshine, while the great lawyer chinked the ten Goddesses of Liberty with a sad smile.

The Ruling Passion.

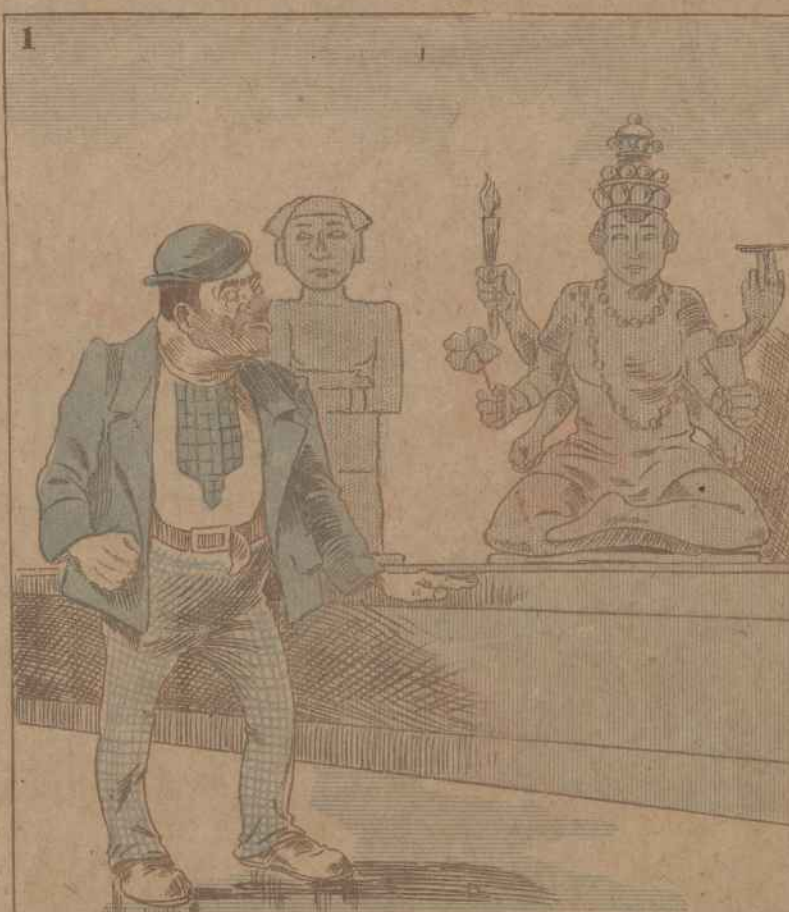
CHADWICK-RUSSEL—What's the matter with Van Dudley of late? He looks queer, and I see him out all times at night.

BRADLEIGH-MARLBOROUGH—Van Dudley? Oh, he's courting.

CHADWICK-RUSSEL—But he's married!

BRADLEIGH-MARLBOROUGH—Yes, I know. He's courting a divorce now.

IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.



"Get onto de goddess wid all de arms."



"She puttin' up her dukes."



"I don't seem to get one in."



"Knocked out in de first! Say, miss, if I was you I'd challenge simmons."

A Deadly Thing.

Her husband had employed the best legal talent in the country, and was determined to oppose her motion for a divorce to the last ditch.

But the wife was equally in earnest, and surrounded herself also with the brightest luminaries of the bar that could be gotten for money.

While the grounds for divorce were in themselves unusual, though convincing, it was conceded that the array of counsel on both sides was sufficient to make the case a "cause celebre."

When the plaintiff's side had placed her case before the jury, the respondent's lawyer rose and requested them to consider these things:

That the husband had always evinced great love for his wife.

That he had placed at her disposal almost every cent he owned.

That he had never offered her violence nor wounded her feelings.

And that in all ordinary respects he had been everything that a good husband could possibly be to a good wife.

But it was in vain that the respondent's counsel pleaded, for these virtues of his could never excuse the fact that he was in the habit of reading to his wife all the amateur poetry he wrote.

Thus were two joined souls put asunder.

A Correction.

"There was a slight but annoying error in our last issue," said the Quothosh Genius of Liberty. "We said that the engagement of Dr. James Pillus to Miss Jerusha Baker had been announced. We should have said the Rev. Josiah Choker and Miss Annabel Cartwright. This correction is made at the instigation of friends of Miss Baker, who say the doctor has been chasing after her for years, but that he is no nearer getting her now than he was several years ago. We strive to please."

IN THE BEST OF SPIRITS.



THE INCAUTIOUS THIEF.



"Out wid de stuff, old snoozer!"



"I'll just rap him on de nut and de game is up."



"Well, now, just get onto de old bloke doin' de ostrich act."



"Not so fast, young man."